

SERIAL STORY

The FLYING MERCURY

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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens on Long Island, near New York city, where Miss Emily French, a relative of Ethan French, manufacturer of the celebrated "Mercury" automobile, loses her way. The car has stopped and her cousin, Dick French, is too muddled with drink to direct it right. They meet another car which is run by a professional racer named Lestrage. The latter fixes up the French car and directs Miss French how to proceed homeward. Ethan French has disinherited his son, who has disappeared. He informs Emily plainly that he would like to have her marry Dick, who is a good-natured but irresponsible fellow. It appears that a partner of Ethan French wants their first meeting when Dick comes along and recognizes the young racer Dick likes the way Lestrage ignores their first meeting when he appeared to a disadvantage. Lestrage tells Emily that he will try to educate her indifferent cousin as an automobile expert. Dick undertakes his business schooling under the tutelage of Lestrage. Dick is sheer grit, and in making a test race meets Emily in an accident. Lestrage meets Emily in the moonlit garden of the French home. Under an impulse he cannot control he kisses her and she leaves him, confessing in her own heart that she returns his love.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued).

"I thought there was to be no more trouble," she faltered, distressed. Lestrage looked down at her steadily, his gray eyes darkening to an expression she had never seen. "Have I no right?" was his question. "Is there no canceling of a claim, is there no subsequent freedom? Is it all no use, Emily?" Vaguely awed and frightened, her fingers tightened on his arm in a panic of surrender. "I will come to you, I will come! You know best what is right—I trust you to tell me. Forgive me, dear, I wanted to—"

the park, carrying his hat in his hand. A short distance from the pavilion Emily stopped abruptly, turning a startled face to her companion. "Some one is there," she said. "Some one is speaking. I forgot that Uncle Ethan had gone out."

She heard Bailey catch his breath oddly. Her own pulses began to beat with heavy irregularity, as a few steps farther brought the two opposite the open arcade. There they halted, frozen.

In the place Emily had left, where all her feminine toys still lay, Mr. French was seated as one exhausted by the force of overmastering emotion; his hands clenched on the arms of the chair; his face drawn with passion. Opposite him stood Lestrage, colorless and still as Emily had never conceived him, listening in absolute silence to the bitter address pouring from the other's lips with a low-toned violence indescribable.

"I told you then, never again to come here," first fell upon Emily's conscious hearing. "I supposed you were at least French enough to take a dismissal. What do you want here, money? I warned you to live upon the allowance sent every month to your bankers, for I would pay no more even to escape the intolerable disgrace of your presence here. Did you imagine me so deserted that I would accept even you as a successor? Wrong; you are not missed. My nephew Richard takes your place, and is fit to take it. Go back to Europe and your low-born wife; there is no lack in my household."

The voice broke in an excess of savage triumph, and Lestrage took the pause without movement or gesture. "I am going, sir, and I shall never come back," he answered, never more quietly. "I can take a dismissal, yes. If ever I have wished peace or hoped for an accord that never existed between us, I go cured of such folly. But hear this much, since I am arraigned at your bar: I have never yet disgraced your name or mine unless by the boy's mischief which sent me from college. The money you speak of, I have never used; ask Bailey of it, if you will." He hesitated, and in the empty moment there came across the mile of June air the roaring noisome whistle of the factory. Involuntarily he turned his head toward the call, but as instantly recovered himself from the self-betrayal. "There is another matter to be arranged, but there is no time now. Nor even in concluding it will I ever come here again, sir."

when he came back later, to take his massive stand in the doorway, his hands in his pockets and his strong jaw set.

"I think that things are kind of mixed up here, Mr. French," he stated grimly. "I guess I'm the one to straighten them out a bit; I've loved Mr. David from the time he was a kid and never saw him get a square deal yet. You asked him what he was doing here—I'll tell you; he is Lestrage."

There is a degree of amazement which precludes speech; Mr. French looked back at his partner, mute.

"He is Lestrage. He never meant you to know; he'd have left without your ever knowing, but for Miss Emily. I guess I don't need to remind you of what he's done; if it hadn't been for him we might have closed our doors some day. He understands the business as none of us back-pumper, old-fashioned ones do; he took hold and shook some life into it. We can make cars, but he can make people buy them. Advertising! Why, just that fool picture he drew on the back of a pad, one day, of a row of thermometers up to one hundred forty, with the sign 'Mercuries are at the top,' made more people notice."

Bailey cleared his throat. "He was always making people notice, and laughing while he did it. He's risked his neck on every course going, to bring our cars in first, he's lent his fame as a racing driver to help us along. And now everything is fixed the way we want, he's thrown out. What did he do it for? He thought he needed to square accounts with you, for being born, I suppose; so when he heard how things were going with us he came to me and offered his help. At least, that's what he said. I believe he came because he couldn't bear to see the old place go under."

There was a skein of blue silk swinging over the edge of the table. Mr. French picked it up and replaced it in Emily's work basket before replying.

"If this remarkable story is true," he began, accurately precise in accent.

"You don't need me to tell you it is," retorted Bailey. "You know what my new manager's been doing; why, you disliked him without seeing him, but you had to admit his good work. And I heard you talking about his allowance, Mr. French. He never touched it, not from the first; it piled up for six years. Last April, when we needed cash in a hurry, he drew it out and gave it to me to buy aluminum. When he left here first he drove a taxicab in New York city until he got into racing work and made Darling Lestrage famous all over the continent. I guess it went pretty hard for a while; if he'd been the things you called him, he'd have gone to the devil alone in New York. But he didn't."

An oriole darted in one arcade and out again with a musical whir of wings. The clink of glass and silver sounded from the house windows with a pleasant cheeriness and suggestion of comfort and plenty.

"He made good," Bailey concluded, thoughtfully. "But it sounded queer to me to hear you tell him you didn't want him around because Mr. Dick took his place. I know, and Miss Emily knows, that Dick French was no use on earth for any place until Mr. David took him in hand and made him fit to live. That's all, I guess, that I had to say; I'll get back to work." He turned, but paused to glance around. "It's going to be pretty dull at the factory for me. And between us we've sent Lestrage to the track with a nice set of nerves."

His retreating footsteps died away to leave the noon hush unbroken. As before, uncle and niece were left opposite each other, the crumpled newspaper where Lestrage's name showed in heavy type lying on the floor between them.

The effect of Bailey's final sentence had been to leave Emily dizzied by apprehension. But when Mr. French rose and passed out, she aroused to look up at him eagerly.

"Uncle," she faltered. Disregarding or unseeing her outstretched hand, he went on and left her there alone. And then Emily dared rescue the newspaper.

"A substitute," she whispered. "A substitute," and laid her wet cheek against the pictured driver.

No one lunched at the French home that day, except the servants. Near three o'clock in the afternoon Mr. French came back to the pavilion where Emily still sat.

"Go change your gown," he commanded, in his usual tone. "We will start now. I have sent for Bailey and ordered Anderson to bring the automobile."

"Start?" she wondered, bewildered. He met her gaze with a stately repugnance of comment.

"For the Beach. I understand this race lasts twenty-four hours. Have you any objection?"

Objection to being near David! Emily sprang to her feet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wholesale Burning of Books. The French should win Edmund Gosse's commendation for the wholesale manner in which they have destroyed books. They have even gone to the extent of coining a special word, "bibliolytic," to denote "la destruction volontaire des livres." The greatest date in the annals of bibliolytic is 1790, when church property was confiscated by the revolutionary government. During that year, in Paris alone, 808,120 volumes taken from monasteries and convents were burned, and throughout the whole country the total destroyed is said to have amounted to 4,194,400.

RENO FAR BEHIND

Chicago Judges in Two Hours Try 100 Divorce Cases.

All Trials Are Uncontested, and in Most Cases Court Has No Alternative but to Issue Decree—Children Are the Sufferers.

Chicago.—Between the hours of 10 a. m. and noon the other day judges sitting in the courts of Chicago heard 100 divorce cases. Not one of the suits was contested. In nearly every case the judges have no alternative but to grant decrees.

Most of the litigants have children. When the decrees are entered Chicago will have at least 100 new "divorce orphans." The "divorce orphan" is the most miserable orphan in the world. Between the child and one of its parents the law has placed a barrier. Too often the other parent "doesn't care."

Recent dispatches announce that the Nevada legislature is about to put the "easy divorce mill" at Reno out of business. It really does not matter. Compared with Chicago Reno is an infinitesimal dot on the map as a divorce center.

Figures compiled from the census returns show in spite of the fact it is the best advertised "divorce mill" town in the world and that persons go there from all over the country for the express purpose of obtaining legal separation. Reno judges during the period from 1887 to 1906 granted only 327 decrees.

In the same period Chicago courts ground out 33,906 divorced couples.

As an "easy" divorce town there is little choice between Chicago and Reno. This is not because of the laxity of Illinois' divorce laws. It is due to the fact that the flood of divorce litigants in the Cook county courts is so overwhelming the judges find it a physical impossibility to give every case the consideration it ought to have.

The record of fifty divorces an hour made the other day repeats itself day after day. There is no time for inquiry, little opportunity for reconciliation, multitudinous chances for fraud. The court hears the story of the plaintiff and the corroborator of one or possibly two other witnesses. A prima facie case is made out. The evidence is "written up." It comes back to the judge in due course of time and he has no choice under the law but to enter the judgment which the bill of complaint asked for.

The divorce courts make more orphans in Chicago than death. Judge Kavanaugh said that an average of 175 persons die in Cook county every week. The divorce decrees granted in the same weekly period quadruples that number.

"Divorce orphanage is much more pitiful than the orphanage of death," the judge added, "because of the disgrace and shame that follows these children throughout their lives. The sanctity of the marriage tie seems to be becoming less and less regarded. Year by year more and more persons come to our courts to be relieved of wife or husband."

"Another shameful feature is the number of men called before the courts because they neglect to pay alimony after separation from their wives and families. Many seem to think their whole responsibility ends when the divorce decree is signed in the courts."

"It is a fact there are many instances in which the same man has three broods of children by three different wives."

"One of the alarming features of our divorce evil is the fact that it pervades practically one strata of society here and that the largest body of our citizenship. It obtains especially among the ordinarily well-to-do people—the middle class. We have comparatively few divorce cases among the wealthy class."

"We find almost no divorce cases among the poor."

JAPAN COAL SITE IN HAWAII

That is the Rumor Reproduced in Report by American Officials—U. S. is Watching.

Washington.—Rumors that the Japanese steamship line, the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, is obtaining options on land in Honolulu for the erection of a modern coaling plant, are reproduced in a government report here, without comment, by government officials. The Lodge resolution, passed by the last congress, declared against the acquisition of any coaling stations in America by corporations controlled by foreign powers, but no definition was made as to whether it applied to outlying possessions of the United States. It is understood the state department is watching the Honolulu situation.

ASKED TO GIVE \$267,000,000

Widow of the Late Edward H. Harriman Gets 6,000 Begging Letters in Two Years.

New York.—In 1910 and 1911 Mrs. Edward H. Harriman received 6,000 "begging letters." She was asked by persons of whom she had never heard to give away the sum of \$267,000,000, and invariably she was told that she "would never miss" sums of money which in the aggregate amount to something like four times her entire fortune.

RED HAIR ALWAYS DISLIKED

With the Exception of the Romans, Ancient Peoples Had Strong Aversion to It.

Red is the fashionable color of woman's hair just now, but in many periods and countries to have red hair meant to test the depths of misfortune, even of death.

Prejudice against red hair runs back even to Egyptian times, for in that land of decided opinions and strong prejudices it was the custom to burn alive some unfortunate individual cursed with red hair, so it was decidedly uncomfortable to have red hair in Egypt, as no one knew whose turn would come next.

That the Chinese shared this prejudice against red hair is proved by their epithet for the English, whom they called "red-haired barbarians" or "red-haired devils."

The great exception to this rule among ancient nations is the Romans, for since the time of Nero they have praised red hair in the highest terms. They preferred a dark red, almost brown, such as we term auburn, and modern Romans share this liking. It is said that among the patrician families of Rome and Florence there is an abnormally large number of red-haired women. Modern Greeks share this predilection with the Romans and they lighten the reddish effect of the hair by wearing dull gold ornaments.

One of the most frequent causes of the prejudice against red hair in Christian countries undoubtedly goes back to the tradition that Judas, the betrayer of Jesus, had red hair, and most of the artists paint him thus. Shakespeare refers to this in "As You Like It," when Rosalind says of Orlando, "His very hair is of the dissembling color," and Celia answers: "Something browner than Judas."

The Brahmins were forbidden to marry red-haired women and, as has been said: "The populace of most countries, confounding moral with aesthetic impressions, accuse red-haired people of various shortcomings."

Besides the old tradition of Judas having been red-haired aiding to create the prejudice existing in many lands the fact of the feeling against red hair in England is set down to the red-haired Danes, who could not be regarded save as invaders and barbarians.

That Furrowed Brow.

It seems almost as if we modern folk studied deliberately to appear ill-tempered in the eyes of our fellow-beings, fearing lest a relaxation from our habitual frown should lower us in the esteem of those we meet. Yet surely the opposite should be the case. The sour expression is that of the beaten woman, the failure. The well-to-do, the successful, should, of all people, be the happier. There is nothing undignified in a smile; one should not be ashamed of a light heart and a clear conscience. But the world has created a tradition that the cares of responsibility must be marked by a furrowed brow. It finds the women with a merry laugh, in business hours certainly, a woman to be treated with caution. "This woman laughs," says the world, in effect; "she cannot be a sound woman; she is too frivolous."

Dull, dour and unbending, the world, our world, plods on its way, hoarding its smiles for fear of its dignity, until at last it forgets to smile altogether. Generations of scowling faces have taught us to suspect the smiling ones. We fear their owners are endeavoring to ingratiate themselves with us for no good purpose. To regard things cheerfully is to betray a lack of solidarity and worth.

Wife Couldn't See the Idea.

That few men know how to make the most of their time was the assertion of Governor Deneen. To prove his point the governor told of friends of his who were moving. The wife conceived the notion that she might save time by wearing on each trip to the new home one of her numerous coats and leaving it. It would be easier than packing them. She was surprised, however, to find, on the occasion of one visit to the future dwelling, her husband removing his clothes.

"Why, John, what on earth are you doing? Are you going to bed?" "Of course I'm going to bed," said John. "I'm going to get my clothes over here like you are yours. Now, then, you see, I will just go over to the house and get on another suit." Needless to say his wife soon settled that.

Caddy's Mean Suggestion.

Mrs. R. H. Barlow, the eastern champion, said at the Cape May Golf club, nodding toward a certain man: "Yes, he is a very poor player. Even his caddy, for all his liberal tips, scorns him."

"One afternoon he made a wretched fizzle and tore up a sod. Lifting this sod in his hand—it was about a foot square—he said to his caddy ruefully: "What on earth am I to do with this, John?"

"If I was you," the boy answered, "I'd take it up to the hotel to practice on, sir."—New Orleans Daily States.

His Car.

"And what is that little building over there?" asked the visitor to Tompy's place. "That? Oh, my wife calls that the garage," said Tompy. "Oh—what is your car?" asked the visitor. "Oh, that's a mirage," said Tompy. —Harper's Weekly.

Had Kept Her Bargain.

An ingenious trick was recently played on some women of Maukjan, Madras, India. They handed sums of money to a woman who said that she possessed the power of doubling the contents. The victims had their packets returned to them after seven days, when the silver coins they had contained were found to have been changed into copper ones.

Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callus, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Accomplishing.

It is very important that the young man select his life work early and bend every energy toward accomplishing something. One of the most common causes of failure in this life lies in the fact that men do not see the importance of being thorough until it is too late.—Florence Vidette.

English Stump Speech.

A correspondent, "Old Briny," sends us the following specimen of frenzied stump oratory: "Feller blokes! Thanks ter th' gov'ment, yer got yer 'dminishin' wage, and yer little loaf, an' all that. Watcher got ter now is ther go fer devil-ootion and local anatomy, an' go that blind!" (Loud cheers.)—London Globe.

Be thrifty on little things like bluing. Don't accept water for bluing. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue, the extra good value blue.

By Installments.

The "epoch-making advice" of a bookmaker to a colleague in distress is related in Vanity Fair. The colleague had been paid £25 on a bet by a certain captain, who, in a fit of absent-mindedness, paid him the same amount again next day. "What shall I do about it?" asked the bookmaker of his friend; and prompt came the answer: "Ask him for it again."

Steel Stays Stopped Bullet.

Steel stays have saved many a woman's life. Not long ago Mary Henessy was taken to Bellevue hospital with a flesh wound in the side, and Dr. Drury discovered that had it not been for a steel stay which deflected the bullet the wound would have been fatal, for the slug had been traveling toward a vital organ.

Clogged Sewing Machine.

When a sewing machine will not work, stand it near the fire so that the oil may melt, and then clean with pure paraffin, putting it into every oil hole. Work the machine well, and then wipe every part with a clean cloth. When perfectly clean, lubricate with machine oil.

As a Man Thinks.

Jennie—"He must have a soft spot in his heart for me." Wennie—"Why so?" Jennie—"He says he is always thinking of me." Wennie—"But, you know, a man doesn't think with his heart. The soft place must be in his head."—London Telegraph.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Happiest Home.

But the happiest home is built when the twain together meet the trials and catastrophes that come from the outside world with the good health, the common sense, the humor, the patience and courage that will rout them. It should not be necessary for these qualities to be used by the one to combat the faults of the other. —Barbara Boyd.

Learning by Love Letter.

"Love letters between young men and women are an excellent method of teaching literature," says Dr. Arthur Holmes. But it must be done tactfully. We have known a young lady who broke off an engagement because her fiance returned her love letters with the spelling errors neatly corrected in red ink.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Not Inconvenient.

"Did the dissolution of your gigantic corporation cause you inconvenience?" "Not the slightest," replied Mr. Dustin Star. "I needed an enlarged and improved system of branch offices, anyhow."

No Use for Boys Any More.

Somebody has invented an electric device that will split kindling wood. Gradually we are getting it so arranged that the world will have absolutely no use for small boys.



"Well, Then—But Come, He is Waiting."

like you. Say, shall I take you now, or send Dick for you after the race?" Mr. French exclaimed some inarticulate words, but neither heard him. "Send Dick," Emily answered, her eyes on the gray eyes above her. "Send Dick—I understand, I will come." He kissed her once, then she drew back and he went down the terraces toward the gates. As Emily sank down on the bench by the pavilion door, Bailey brushed past her, running after the straight, lithe figure that went steadily on out of sight among the huge trees planted and tended by five generations of Frenches. When the vistas of the park were empty, Emily slowly turned to face her uncle. "You love David French?" he asked, his voice thin and harsh. "Yes," she answered. She had no need to ask if Lestrage were meant. "He is married to some woman of the music halls." "No." "How do you know? He has told you?" She lifted to him the superb confidence of her glance, although nervous tremors shook her in wavelike succession. "If he had been married, he would not have made me care for him. He has asked me to be his wife." They were equally strange to each other in these new characters, and equally spent by emotion. Neither moving, they sat opposite each other in silence. So Bailey found them

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